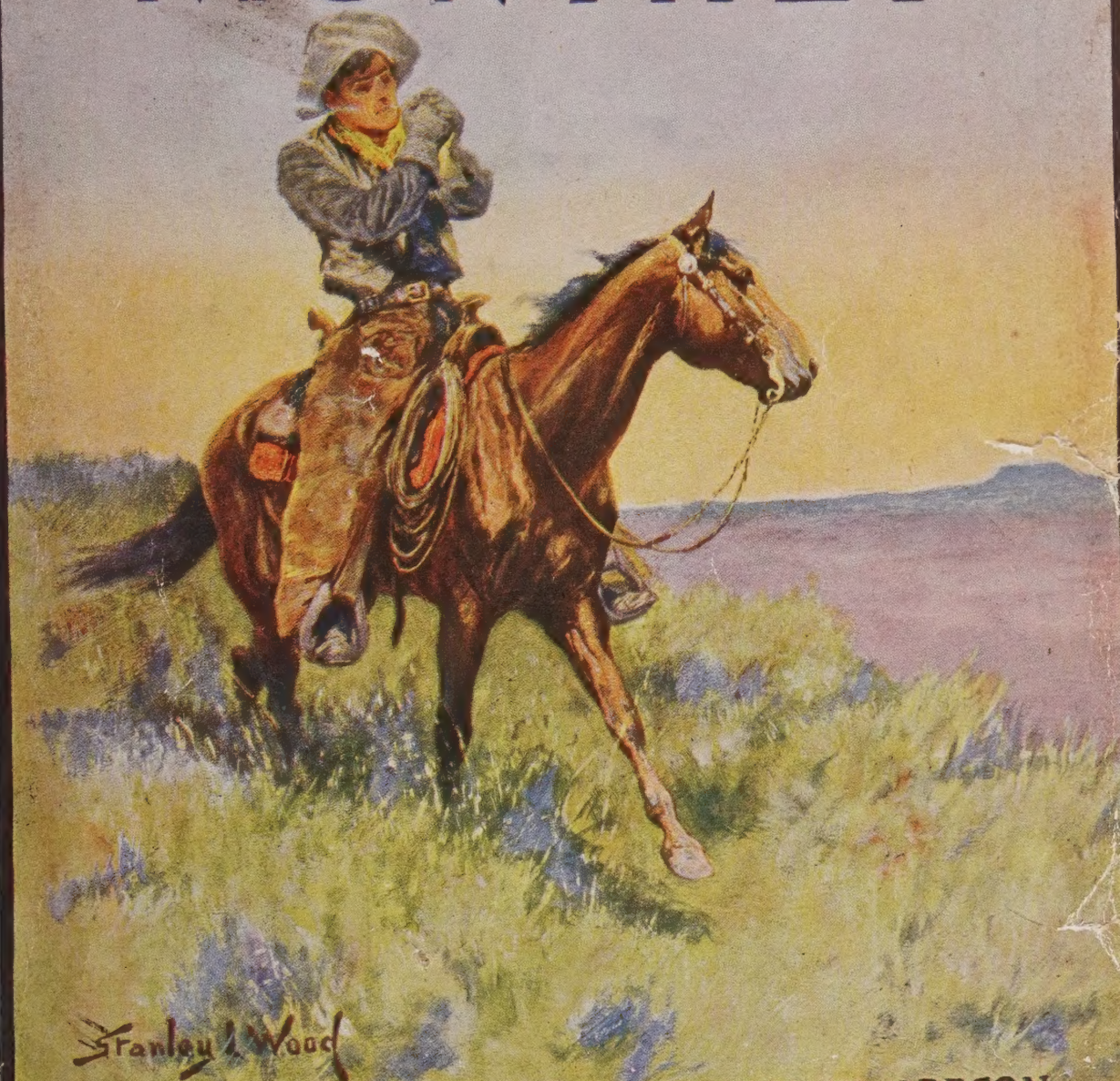


SEPTEMBER 1911

PRICE 15 CENTS

THE  
PACIFIC  
MONTHLY



*Stanley Wood*

THE PACIFIC MONTHLY COMPANY PORTLAND OREGON

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PACIFIC MONTHLY BUILDING—PARK AND STARK STREETS  
PORTLAND, OREGON

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Such concerted, systematic efforts will result in preservation of the timber at lowest cost. A well-trained patrolman can direct a large number of laborers. By concerted action on their part, what would otherwise become a disas-

trous conflagration could be extinguished in its incipency.

The efficacy of the patrol system depends on the class of men secured and their not being required to cover too much territory.



RANGER PUTTING OUT A FOREST GROUND FIRE WITH A WET SADDLE BLANKET.

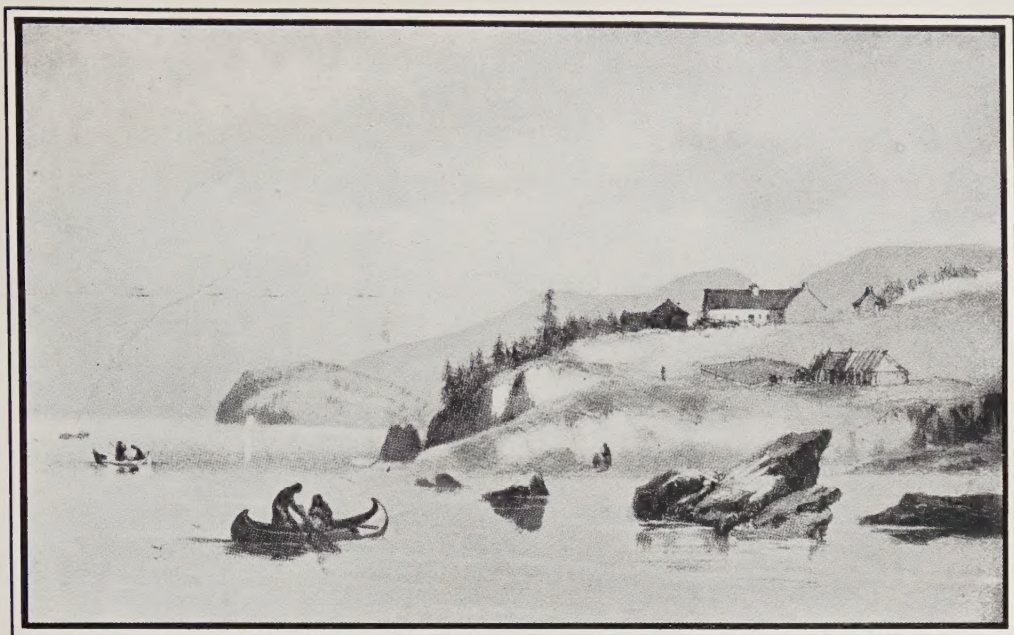
## Song

By Charles Erskine Scott Wood

Love is but a baby—full of folly,  
His eyes are lit with smiles,  
His lips with roguish wiles,  
And naught he knows of melancholy.

Love's a happy youth, so lithe and slender,  
His lips are full of song,  
His arms are round and strong,  
His eyes they shine a lovelight tender.

Love knows not Age nor Wisdom's moping,  
Love neither heeds nor learns,  
But ever flaming burns,  
And lives on the uncounted sweets of hoping.



FORT GEORGE (ASTORIA) 1811. (FROM AN OLD DRAWING.)

## The Romance of Astoria

By T. T. Geer

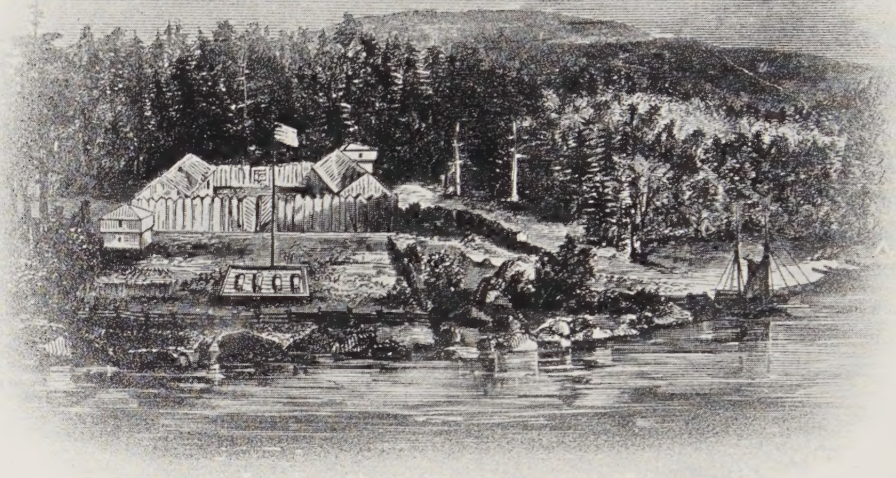
Ex-Governor of Oregon

THE interesting exposition at Astoria, this summer, which celebrates the founding of this charming town one-hundred years ago, opens up a wide field for speculation to the student of the history of the Northwest as to what agency or what medium was most potent in "saving Oregon" from ultimate British domination and ownership. It would not be indulging very much of an extravagance to say that barrels of ink have been used, not to say wasted, in the discussion of this question. No doubt it would be sufficiently near the fact to assume that no one person ever saved Oregon, and that, perhaps, Oregon was never really "saved," anyway. The man who diligently searches the records and commentaries for his information on the

subject will discover that, according as the historian may have his personal conclusions in the foreground, John Jacob Astor saved Oregon in 1810-11, Jason Lee saved it again in 1834, and Marcus Whitman performed the same gracious act again in 1842, when he made his heroic and extremely perilous journey "to the United States," in the winter months, for the purpose of inducing a further and immediate immigration to the Oregon Country.

It is likely that in the course of human events Oregon was destined to become a part of the United States, and this fact would necessitate the participation of some "first" individuals in schemes of exploring the vast region about which so little was known, and every such effort contributed its share toward the final acquisition of the coveted section by the enterprising and adventurous Americans.





ASTORIA AS IT WAS IN 1813.

Captain Gray made a first step, perhaps *the* first step, toward final American ownership of Oregon when he crossed the Columbia River bar in 1792. Lewis and Clark yielded liberally of their time and exertions in the chain of events which ultimately gave us Oregon, seven years before Astor sent his expeditions here in the interest of financial gain,—so, it is perhaps wiser to say that the great drift of the human race westward from the beginning of history is compositively responsible for the “saving” of Oregon. The priceless value of the country secured will supply enough glory to go around and there is no occasion for envious appeals for preference.

If it had not happened that Oregon was admitted into the Union in 1859, before open hostilities had been commenced by the South, its statehood would have perhaps been postponed until after the close of the war. In that event, Horace Greeley would not have been a delegate from this State in the Chicago convention which nominated Abraham Lincoln for President in 1860, for it would have had no representation there, and it is

well known that Greeley's influence in that contest alone nominated the great Illinois Commoner, since the distinguished editor was bitterly opposed to the further political advancement of Seward.

And if Lincoln had not been nominated for President in 1860, where would we be today? Some people shudder at the thought, and yet it is possible and quite likely that, somehow, Providence would have supplied a way for the triumph of the Union cause.

And if Lincoln had accepted the appointment of Governor of Oregon which President Taylor tendered him in 1849, and which was declined because Mrs. Lincoln refused to go to so forbidding a wilderness, he might have been a practicing attorney in Salem or Corvallis when the campaign of 1860 opened—and where would the country have been in 1865 in that event? But,—

Oregon was admitted in 1859, Lincoln did *not* accept the Governorship of Oregon to succeed Joseph Lane, and neither did John Jacob Astor fail to send his expeditions to the mouth of the Colum-

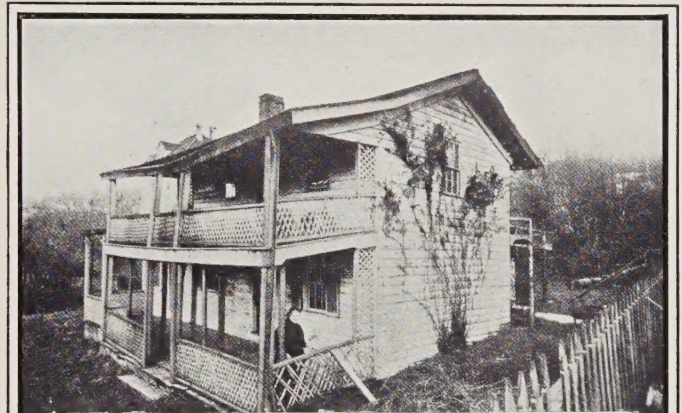


bia River in 1811 and, by starting his trading post, begin the first white settlement on the Pacific Coast or in the vast region which afterward became a part of the United States. He was not a pioneer in the sense that were Lewis and Clark, or Hall Kelley, or Jason Lee, or Whitman, all of whom severed their connection with even the forms of civilization and plunged into the heart of the country they proposed to assist in subduing; his sole motive, as has been said already, being the promotion of a vast fur-trading enterprise, the result of which promised a remuneration running into the millions of dollars. But, no matter what his prime purpose, the exploitation of his enterprise necessitated the investment of hundreds of thousands of dollars and resulted not only in many disclosures relating to the real value of the region outside of its wealth in furs, but in the planting of a colony which, though showing little growth in the next ensuing thirty years, was never abandoned and afterward developed into the fincity which Astoria is today, being the third largest in Oregon, in point of population and business.

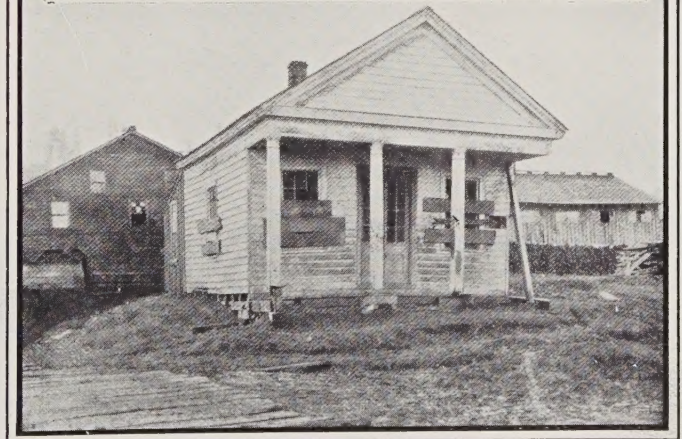
John Jacob Astor was born in the town of Waldorf, Germany, July 17, 1763, and came to America in 1790. He was one of four brothers and arrived in New York with a sole capital of twenty-five dollars. In conver-



VIEW OF ASTORIA IN 1856, AFTER A PAINTING BY DR. O. B. ESTES.

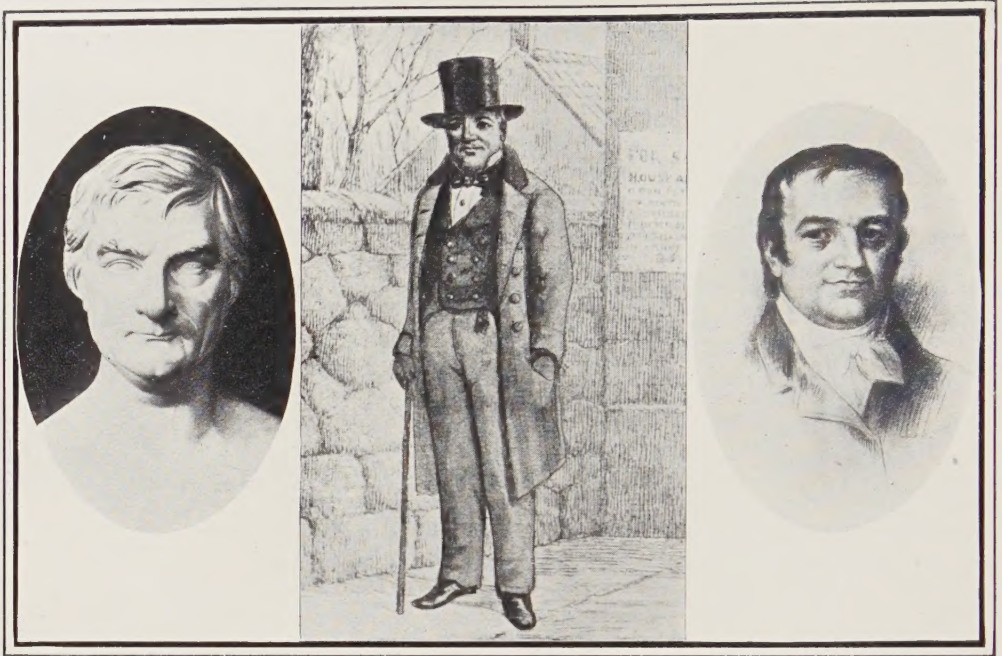


FIRST POSTOFFICE WEST OF THE ROCKIES, ASTORIA, 1847.



OREGON'S FIRST CUSTOM HOUSE, ERECTED 1852, ASTORIA, OREGON.





From the bust in the Astor library. From a contemporary drawing of the old fur dealer and real-estate investor. Drawn from a portrait painted in middle life.

JOHN JACOB ASTOR, WHO SENT TO THE NORTHWEST PACIFIC COAST AN EXPEDITION WHICH  
FOUNDED THE CITY OF ASTORIA ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

sation with a fellow passenger on the ship while crossing the Atlantic, the man having been in this country previously, he learned that there was a great profit to be made in buying furs from the Indians. Falling in with the idea, he sought employment in a furrier establishment and began the performance of his duties by beating furs to

preserve them from the ravages of the moths. He won the confidence of his employer and was sent to Montreal as the accredited agent of his house. Afterward he began the business on his own account, actually carried a pack of articles to be exchanged for furs and went into the Canadian wilderness, where he could meet the Indians at first hand and



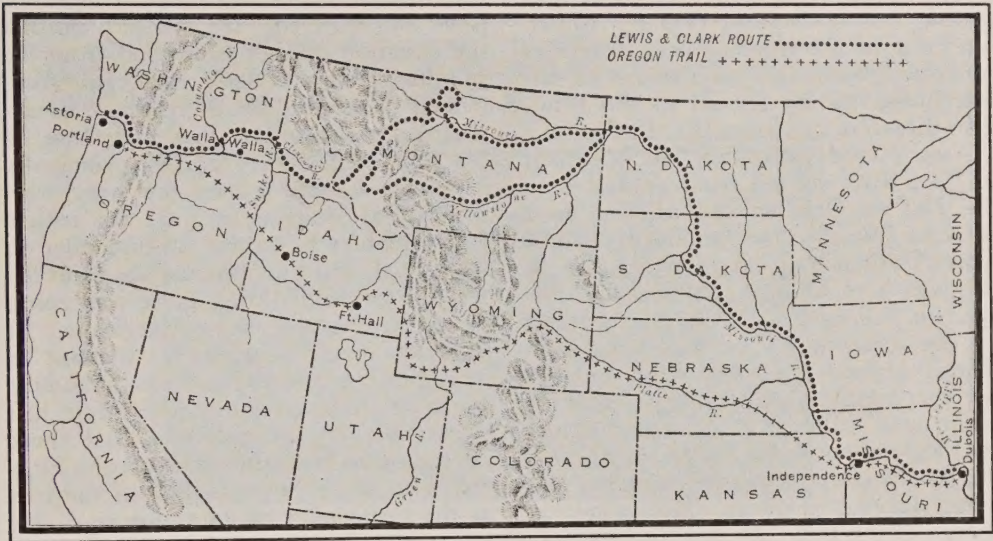
ASTORIA FROM THE RIVER.



learn their methods as well as the condition of the country.

In the year 1800 Astor dispatched a ship to China, netting a large sum from the venture, and within a few years was regarded as a millionaire. He at that time invested heavily in real estate on Manhattan Island and thereby laid the foundation for the immense Astor fortune which yields so wide an influence in New York City today. At that time he seems to have first conceived the idea

which could be used for raising gardens and fruits. Thus equipped, the *Tonquin* sailed from New York on September 9, 1810, arriving off the mouth of the Columbia on March 22, 1811, with the entire crew enjoying good health. The waves at the bar were running very high and after waiting several days Captain Thorn sent five men out in a small boat to find the channel, the men protesting, but the Captain was inexorable in his determination, and the crew obeyed orders.



From Franchere's Narrative, 1811-1814.

THE ROUTE FOLLOWED BY LEWIS AND CLARK IN 1804-5 (BLACK DOTTED LINES) AND THE FAMOUS "OREGON TRAIL" (LINE OF CROSSES) FOLLOWED BY THE PIONEER EMIGRANTS TO THE NORTHWEST.

of establishing a line of trading posts from the Missouri frontier to the Columbia River and, after meeting and subduing many obstacles, succeeded in securing a charter from the New York Legislature for the organization of the American Fur Company. The capital stock was \$1,000,000, with the right to increase it to \$2,000,000.

The history of the two Astor expeditions, with the mouth of the Columbia River as their objective point, is familiar to most American readers. The one by sea consisted of the ship *Tonquin*, 290 tons capacity, manned by twenty men and mounting ten guns. It was loaded with articles which would be valuable to trade to the Indians for furs, and a good supply of seeds was carried

They were never heard of afterward.

It was not until April fifth that the *Tonquin* was able to enter the river, and on the twelfth a site was selected for establishing a post, on a promontory which had been previously named "Point George," but which was at once christened "Astoria," in honor of the promoter of the great expedition they had so successfully conducted. Astoria, therefore, was just one hundred years old on April 12 of this year.

The *Tonquin* with its crew was soon afterward taken up the coast off Vancouver Island in search of further opportunities to trade, where, after inviting many Indians aboard and supplying them principally with knives in barter for furs, the crew was suddenly attacked



and nearly all on board massacred, including Captain Thorn. The next day the Indians appeared again, were asked to come aboard and, according to the plan of the few survivors who saw there was no escape from a similar death which had overtaken their comrades, the ship was blown up, killing fully one hundred savages. The interpreter alone escaped and carried the news of the awful affair to Astoria.

The fate of the *Tonquin* and its crew in the endeavor to make an American footing in the Oregon Country constitutes one of the most pathetic tragedies connected with the acquisition of the Northwest, hardly second to the Whitman massacre in November, 1847.

Astor's land expedition left Montreal in July, 1810, started from St. Louis on the 21st of October and after a most perilous journey, the details of which, scarcely possible of exaggeration, cannot be given here, arrived at the post of Astoria on February 15, 1812. On the ninth of the following May the Astor ship *Beaver* arrived at Astoria with supplies for the colony, and in July, Wilson P. Hunt, who had been in command of the land expedition, sailed on the *Beaver* for the Alaska country to trade with the natives, leaving Duncan McDougal in charge of the fort. At this time the war with England was declared and through its various ramifications, assisted by what was generally believed to be the treason of McDougal in selling out the Astor interest to a rival fur company, Astoria fell into the hands of the British, the Stars and Stripes were supplanted by the English flag and the name was changed to "Fort George," in honor of the King of England.

By the terms of the treaty of peace at the close of the war, Astoria was restored to the United States, the entire country was given over to "joint occupancy" until further arrangements could be agreed upon, and Astoria drifted into a peaceful era which it had not hitherto known.

Few of those most deeply and directly interested in the success of the Astor expedition were so indignant at the seeming treachery of McDougal in his transfer of the fort to rival interests as was Concomly, the chief of the Chinooks, who,

soon after the arrival of the *Tonquin*, had become very much attached to the Americans and had sworn his fidelity to their cause. McDougal had married Concomly's daughter, who was said to be a beautiful maiden of the bronze type, with dreamy eyes—a princess whose acquisition by the white man had cast dismay among the aspiring male members of the tribe, but Concomly was much pleased with the arrangement.

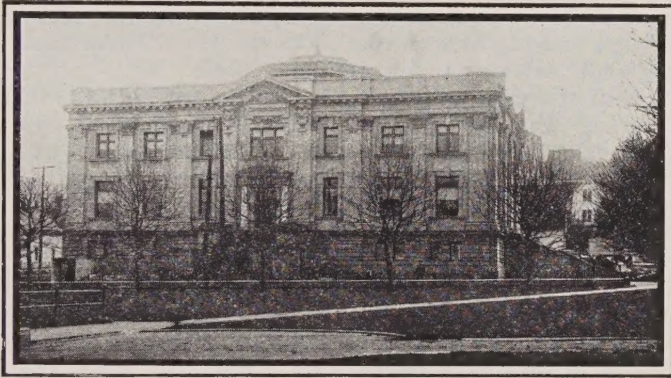
When the English ship approached the fort, however, the old chief was astonished and angered. He saw at once that the situation did not look good from the standpoint of the Astor men, and summoned his braves for the purpose of assisting his son-in-law in the defense of the fort. They were garbed principally in warpaint, and armed not only with their usual weapons of war, but with a determination to refuse to surrender to the British and thus become slaves to the foe, for Concomly knew there was going to be a fight, since Americans, he thought, never surrender without a struggle, but his disgust was boundless when he discovered that the affair had been arranged satisfactorily, that there were to be no hostilities and that the English were to be in possession of the fort as the result of a bargain and sale. He returned to his quarters, loudly expressing his indignation that his beautiful daughter had "married a squaw." It is said that he never entered the walls of the fort while it was under the control of the English, but felt at home again when, in 1818, the American flag was hoisted over it and former conditions renewed.

The history of Astoria is worth reading, since it is wholly unlike that of every other American city. It was founded by John Jacob Astor at a time when its site was so far from any other city or town that a parallel cannot be found in American annals since the landing of the earliest immigrants on the shores of the Atlantic. It has come up through a sea of tragedies, was born in disaster and for seven years was the constant scene of murder, treachery, ingratitude, war, famine, failure and disappointment. Compared with the experience of Astoria during the first decade of its existence, that of Portland, for instance, reads like the



pastime of reclining in a hammock on a sunny afternoon in June and reading the last contribution of George Ade to the delectation of mankind. Astoria was born amid the solitudes of an almost impenetrable wilderness, at a point so far from the last evidences of civilization that the nearest approach to it, further on, was almost half-way around the globe. It was christened in blood, and the stormy nature of the next seven years of its existence reads like fiction, whose details are so unlike those found in the ordinary experience of American or other cities that one marvels that it was not abandoned at the time and the effort to maintain a settlement there given over

whose home was in Canada, to Astoria to take charge of its affairs in the Northwest, but after an experience of one year his business perception enabled him to see that it was not the proper place for the headquarters of the vast trade it was prosecuting, mostly inland, and he soon afterward chose the site where the city of Vancouver now stands as that most convenient for the purposes of his company. He decided that some point not far from the confluence of the Columbia and Willamette rivers would be most suitable, and located on the north side of the Columbia for the reason that, in his judgment, when the international boundary should be finally established, that



CLATSOP COUNTY COURT HOUSE, ASTORIA.

until the final coming of the thousands who later began to people the Northwest.

Among the other disadvantages which Astoria was compelled to encounter in its earlier years was the active opposition of the all-powerful Hudson's Bay Company, which, in fact, had a complete monopoly of the fur business in all the Northwestern territory, extending practically from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and as far north as anybody cared to or could go. The public is not generally aware, perhaps, that that company had been in business fully 140 years at the time of Astor's settlement at the mouth of the Columbia, having received its charter from Charles II, in 1670, and no rival organization ever succeeded in remaining in business for any considerable length of time. In 1824 its management in London sent Dr. John McLoughlin,

stream would be the dividing line.

So, in 1825, Astoria was abandoned as the headquarters of the Hudson's Bay Company in the Northwest, and, in the phrase of a great statesman of two decades ago, fell into "innocuous desuetude" and had practically no growth in either population or business during the next twenty years. Indeed, little is known of its history during that period, principally for the reason that it had none—other than to remain on the map and retain its name. Singularly enough, however, when immigrants to the Oregon Country began to arrive in considerable numbers, in the early '40's, many of the first settlers located on the Clatsop Plains between Astoria and the sea, though the larger region to the south was more easy of access and attracted the greater share. Among the earlier pioneers who went to what is now Clatsop County was Cap-



tain R. W. Morrison, who crossed the great plains in 1844 and at once settled in that section. Many of his descendants, among whom is his grandson, John W. Minto, ex-Postmaster of Portland, are living in various parts of Oregon.

One of Captain Morrison's daughters, Mrs. M. E. Carnahan, now owns and lives on her father's original homestead. She is seventy-eight years old, bright and chatty, with a clear memory of the events of her long lifetime in Clatsop County. A recent visit to Mrs. Carnahan at her home proved very interesting, as she delights to recall the early experiences of herself and associates when the entire region was yet in the clutch of that solitude which had dominated it since the dawn of creation. Both the whites and Indians hunted elk and deer, which with salmon, supplied their main diet with the exception that occasionally a variety was indulged by digging and drying clams before the fires. Cranberries (wild) were found in the bogs, but a little later the whites were enabled to begin the raising of potatoes.

In those days Skipanon was the main town on the lower Columbia, Astoria boasting of but a few inferior shanties. The former had a small schoolhouse and among its attendants in 1851 were James W. Welch, at present one of the prominent citizens of Astoria, Robert Caruthers and Charles Shively, both afterward closely allied with Astoria's growth. Captain Morrison built the first schoolhouse and Colonel Taylor afterward erected another and larger one.

It was at that time that a public benefactor, John Mercer, gathered what has been described as "a shipload of young women" in the Eastern States and brought them to "The Oregon Country." A contemporaneous account says: "The opportunities here appealed to the young women in those pioneer days and they helped to make Oregon, as they scattered far and wide. Three of them located at Astoria and Skipanon."

During the last thirty years, however, the importance of Astoria as a commercial and industrial center has been generally recognized, and many millions of dollars have been invested there, principally in the lumber and fishing busi-

nesses. Clatsop County contains one of the finest bodies of timber to be found anywhere in the world, and Astoria's position at the mouth of the Columbia River makes it an exceptionally fine location for sawmills, one of the largest in the Northwest, running day and night, being the chief single industrial pride of the city.

The famous Chinook salmon is at its best at Astoria, not only as to its qualities as a choice food, but in a commercial way. That city, with its millions invested in boats, fishing paraphernalia and canneries, constitutes the largest fish-catching and distributing point in the world, for this piscatorial king, and the Columbia River salmon bears as high a reputation in all parts of the world as does the Hood River apple—and that "is going some."

Astoria occupies a most beautiful location for an attractive city and few prettier sights can be seen in America, which is equivalent to saying in the world, than bursts upon one's vision as the train sweeps through the cut at Tongue Point and the entire panorama of the historic hills, among which Lewis and Clark roamed during the winter of 1804-5, presents its splendid fullness in varied coloring. For four miles the river front is busy with mills, canneries, docks and wharves. The river itself, at this point from five to eight miles wide, sparkles and gleams in beauty as its immense volume from the far slopes the vast Inland Empire flows onward to be lost in the great sea, its bosom dotted with all manner of craft, from the gasoline launch, directed by pleasure seekers, to the more profitable fishing boat, the useful tugs, the coastwise schooners, the "square-riggers" and the powerful and massive ocean liners bound for all parts of the world.

In short, Astoria is interesting, not only because of the chapter of tragedies which attended the first ten years of its struggles, but for its importance as one of the active Northwest cities that are up and doing and that have a magnificent future. It has its share of public-spirited citizens who have shown their loyalty to their home town under circumstances which have proven their pluck,

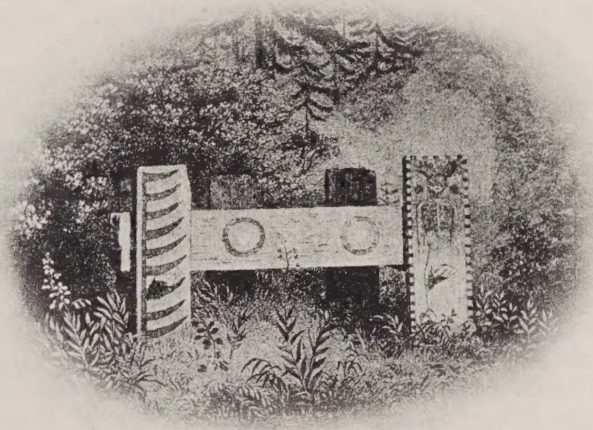


and though their fond dreams of securing common-point privileges in transportation have not been realized, they have not lost hope and have added to their bright prospects by turning their attention to the development of the agricultural resources of the county and region for which it is the principal commercial center. There is no better section in the United States for the successful prosecution of the dairying business than that tributary to Astoria, nor an industry anywhere which is certain to yield more profitable results. And there is room for thousands of settlers to locate and bring these rich lands into such a high state of cultivation as to afford desirable homes and handsome incomes.

The Centennial Exposition commemorative of the founding of the city by John Jacob Astor, during August of this year, is a most fitting recognition of a most important event in the history of the Oregon Country. From a mere stockade built of logs that city has fully kept pace with modern development, and with its population today of some 15,000

people, it presents all the up-to-date conveniences to be found in a city of similar size in New York or Ohio, and many not to be found there. It has had at its disposal a fund of more than \$150,000 with which to finance its exposition, derived from various sources, State, county, municipal and individual subscriptions, among the later of which is a \$10,000 donation from John Jacob Astor, of New York, a grandson of the great merchant and fur-trader.

In his last speech, at Buffalo in 1901, President McKinley said, among his many apt epigrams, that "expositions are the timekeepers of progress," and it is fair to say that few of all the similar exhibitions held in the United States heretofore has shown such a marvelous development, together with an equally interesting and romantic experience, as that which has attended the inception and history of Astoria. During the month of August it was the Mecca of thousands of tourists from all parts of the United States, who were charmed with its beauty and exhilarating breezes.



TOMB OF CHIEF CONCOMLY AT ASTORIA (FROM AN OLD TIME SKETCH.)





The mechanism of a motor-car should be as far removed from the mind of the occupant as is the locomotive from the mind of a passenger in a Pullman. His consciousness of it should be limited to confidence that he may absolutely rely upon it; and should he choose to turn his thoughts to it, he should always find complete enjoyment in its quiet effectiveness.

The Peerless Motor Car Company  
Cleveland Ohio  
Makers also of Peerless Commercial Cars